

Edward Payson Weston's Match—A Gobbler

Poultry Farmers of the Ozarks Drive Their Birds to Market and They Are Always Ready for a Frolic After a Long- Distance Cross- Country Hike.

Edward Payson Weston of cross-country fame has found his match in the Ozarks. It is a turkey gobbler. This first citizen of America is swift of foot to many hunters have learned since the days of the Pilgrim fathers, but that he also is swift of foot is being found out by the farmers of the Ozarks who raise large numbers of the birds for the market and drive them to the trains in droves.

The great-granddaughter of the goose girl of ye olden time is living in the Ozarks of Northern Arkansas, and there is herding turkeys and geese just as in the days of old her ancestor famed in verse and art drove her geese to grass and water and finally to market in London town.

Contrary to popular belief a goose can be driven. So can the great American bird, the turkey. For downright silliness, there is nothing to equal a goose unless it be a turkey, but when it comes to driving both are rather docile if you know how and the modern goose girls of the Ozarks are just as skilled as the old goose girl.

The goose herder of ye olden time was called a goosherd or a gozard. He drove his flocks to London, allowing them to feed on the way. They could go about a mile an hour and would travel ten hours a day. With the breaking up of the farms and the more modern methods of transportation, the goose has been given a train to ride on when he wishes to go to the shambles.

The turkey, having his origin in the United States, never had to learn the art of walking until the present colony of geese and turkey herders found the fine feeding grounds of the Ozarks. Every spring young birds are raised in the Ozark poultry farms. They are given the range of the hills and there they spend the summer feasting on bugs and grasshoppers.

There is no more skilled expert at the art of catching grasshoppers than the aspiring turkey gobbler. With head cocked on one side the young turkey can squint out of the side of his head and take such perfect aim that when he lets his head fly toward the grasshopper it means death and destruction. So swift is the turkey's head the grasshopper hasn't a ghost of a chance and all his uncles and aunts mournfully sing:

"Grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine, Turkey gobbler came up from behind and snatched him off the sweet potato vine."

With a diet of grasshoppers, the turkeys and geese of the Ozarks grow fat. They are fed by the poultry man at the roosting place each evening so they will get the habit of coming home each night. By day they are allowed the range of the hills.

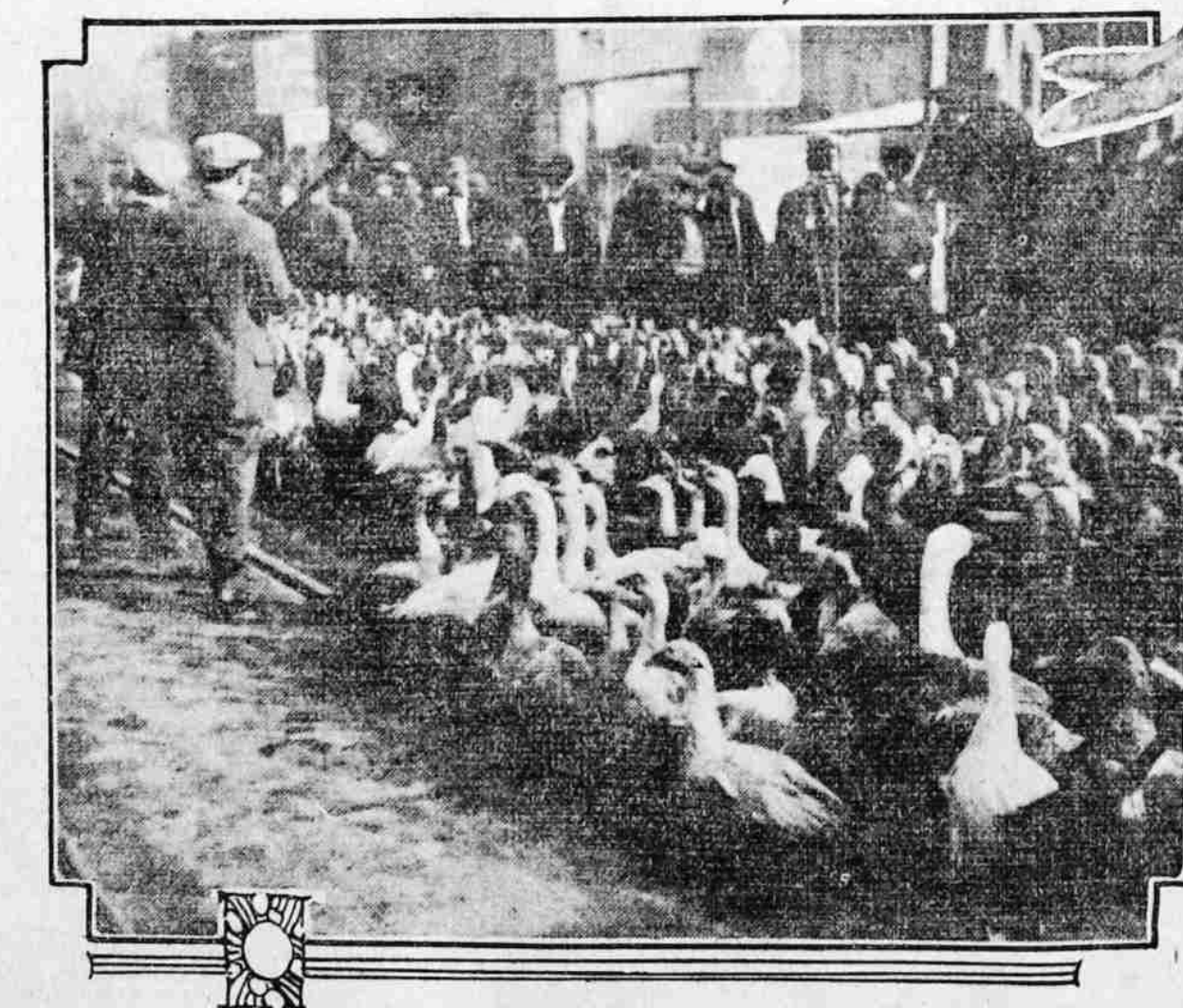
**TURKEYS CAN WALK
15 MILES A DAY.**

When marketing time comes the flocks are driven to market just as sheep or cattle are driven. The big goose and turkey lands of the

Ozarks lie in that region which is poorly supplied with railroads. As a result the quickest mode of transportation is driving. Turkeys are strong animals and can travel fifteen miles a day.

West Plains, Mo., just north of the Arkansas line, is one of the liveliest turkey markets in the fall of the year. The birds are driven

the woods. They are still found in some parts of New England, in the Ozarks and in the Everglades of Florida. In various parts of the Alleghenies they sometimes are found by hunters, but everywhere else they have been practically exterminated in the United States. The bird is so large it can not hide easily. Other game birds have sur-



Down the mountains thirty or forty miles away and make a strange sight when they enter the streets of West Plains.

It takes a skilled driver to bring the birds to market without losing part of the flock. Turkeys can fly for a considerable distance. One year when Charles Snellinger, whose birds feed on the mountains just south of the Arkansas State line, was driving his flock of 1,200 turkeys into West Plains they took fright at an automobile and rising in the air scattered. That night they roosted in the ornamental and shade trees through the residence district of the city. Many of them were pulled down by the residents and cooked. It took two days before the survivors were collected and more than 400 birds never were recovered.

When the birds once reach the business district there is little trouble in driving them. They are corralled between the rows of buildings on each side of the street and with three or four skillful drivers who know enough about the nature of the birds not to excite them it is not difficult to drive them through the streets.

The turkey is the most recently domesticated fowl. When the Pilgrim fathers came to America turkeys were found in abundance in

vived the slaughter by the white man because of their ability to hide in the grass and to bring up their young unnoticed. Not so with the turkey. The turkey was marked for slaughter the minute the white man landed on the Atlantic shore. Had he not been domesticated he would have been almost exterminated long ago.

The domesticated turkey is valuable on account of his great size and for that reason is eagerly sought for a holiday feast. The goose is sought for the same reason. The flesh is no better than that of smaller fowls.

**TRAFFIC TIED UP
BY TURKEY DROVE.**

In St. Louis the Remley Meat and Grocery Company recently shipped in such large quantities of turkeys and geese they drove them to the slaughtering house from the trains instead of loading them on wagons. As the birds waddled between the rows of high buildings they attracted a great crowd of spectators. They even tied up traffic along the streets they traversed.

Turkeys are difficult to raise on account of their proneness to get wet during rain storms in the summer and then chilling to death. When real young they often die when chilled by running through

the dew. Although they are of delicate constitution when young they rapidly gain strength with age. An old turkey gobbler is hard to kill. When he becomes several years old his toughness begins to be reflected in the meat.

The old goose herders of England form quite a large part of the children's literature of several generations ago. Goose herding formerly was as important an occupation as any other kind of herding. But the stock he had to work with was not as easily handled as cattle and sheep are.

Frequently he found himself in many grotesque predicaments. For that reason he became the legitimate prey of humorous writers and songsters of the time. He is always pictured as a foolish sort of fellow when, in fact, it took a smarter man to be a goosherd than a shepherd. Geese were raised extensively in Lincoln and Norfolk counties in England.

single breeder often sold as high as 3,000 geese at one time. As they drooped along the roads in autumn they made a picturesque sight.

The goose is the festive bird of England just as the turkey is the festive bird of America. Charles Dickens refers to the goose as the bird for the Christmas feast.

The eating of the turkey on festive occasions in America began with the first Thanksgiving in Massachusetts. Since then it has graced the Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's and other feast tables. The goose is of secondary importance.

**GOOSE A PROPER
GIFT TO A GIRL.**

In Europe they say eat geese for sentiment, but eat geese for your life. They believe that goose meat is better than any other kind. In the olden days they had a goose week when geese was the principal article of diet. Goose grease kept them warm, they said. A gift of a goose was considered one of the best a young man could give his lady love. This is the rule given by an old French wise woman:

"If you want to make proper gift to the most lovely girl in all the world buy her a goose. Or take her to the restaurant and feed her goose breast. Aye, anoint her lovely nose with goose grease. With her tea give her a slice of foie gras. For her lunch let her have grilled goose drumsticks. So she shall grow in beauty, strength and grace, and never siffle! She won't even have a red nose!"

Ah, goose! Friend of man and pretty girls!

Look you, sixty Paris little children of the working, clerking classes lived, you might say, practically all their waking hours in what they call a cheche—a kind of kindergarten to take care of little ones while mamma earns a salary somewhere. The kids get one good meal daily from the city. Well, when winter came last year, half were fed geese two times a week and half were not. These latter suffered usual coughs, colds, croup, fever, blisters, colds in the head, sore throats, quinsies, gripes and influenzas. On the other hand, the thirty children who ate geese were fresh, blithe, sturdy and resistant, untouched, intact.

There is a young married fellow, who was so syphilitic, willowy, ethereal, poetic and unworriedly that she could dance the tango half a night on a lettuce sandwich and a glass of champagne. She caught a cold in the head last winter. And then another. Then another.

**GOOSE MEALS
CURE BAD COLDS.**

"I will kill myself," she said. "If this continues." It continued. She had a good summer at Luchon and Biarritz. When this autumn set in she said: "I will kill myself if it

begins again."

Of course her friends were worried. So, a very wise friend, close to one of the world's greatest laboratories of physiological research, revealed part of a secret which was

HUNTING 'POSSUMS AT NIGHT

Upstate, over in South Jersey, on Long Island, and indeed wherever the 'possum makes its home, cold nights find pursuers on its trail. After the supper dishes have been cleared away the hunters get the dogs together, light the torches and go out to tree the game. New Yorkers who go to the Virginias, the Carolinas or Florida frequently join in the hunt "for the fun of it."

Not long ago Jefferson City, Mo., got together 250 automobiles and just after sundown Governor Major, members of his staff and other friends started in their machines, with horns and dogs and followed by motor trucks bearing refreshments and negro "beaters," for an all night 'possum hunt.

Some one sent President Wilson a large sweet potato last October. From MacFarland, N. C., Joe Farrell, who described himself as "an old slave time dandy," wrote that he was sending a 'possum to go with the potato and by express there came to the White House, October 30, the North Carolina 'possum, fine, fat and "sassy."

Secretary William Jennings Bryan caught a 'possum last month in an unusual manner. Somebody sent the Bryan family a 'possum. After they had fattened it for several days the 'possum was found in an alley and it took refuge in a big tree. One of Mr. Bryan's colored men climbed the tree, shook off the 'possum and the Secretary caught it.

'Possums are found as near New York as the Orange, New Jersey, Mountains. Henry Clay of Orange, hunting one night last month, caught a 'possum, and when he dressed it found a celluloid button in its stomach bearing a picture of Colonel Roosevelt and the words "Vote for Theodore Roosevelt for Governor."

Whether the 'possum gulped down the campaign button recently or whether it swallowed it when Roosevelt was running for Governor is a question.

If you want 'possum hunting, go to New Jersey. Up along the hills in the northern part of the State, where the Hackensack River begins, is the place to go. Woodcliff Lake has within its borders a number of 'possum hunters, and almost any point in Bergen County is a good place to start from.

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi was recently the guest of twenty-five Mississippians at the Hotel Astor, where the menu including 'possum and sweet potatoes,

not his own—and put her on goose. "It will make me fat," she worried.

All the same she ate goose, three goose meals per week, and hearty. She increased five pounds—and has not caught the first sign of cold up to the present writing.

What is this occult bird—which all France eats as by a pagan ceremony, which has lost its meaning in the ages?

How does the goose work? The goose is truly fat. The goose warms up. When you eat goose it's like the Eskimos when they eat tallow candles. If you are a furnace, goose is fuel. And so for number one.

Number two is like unto it. Goose fat is peculiar fuel. In some unknown way it digests without heaviness, embarrassment or plethora. There is no clogging ash. It burns in the body, a pure, stimulant of seeming unique quality in winter.

Number three is more so. Goose flesh in yet more mysterious manner builds up human tissues in a richer manner needed in cold weather. Goose in summer time is nowise profitable. Goose in summer time is harmful. Yet more, they say, in analogy to certain diverse vegetable and animal elements—the whys and wherefores are still but glimpses—there are elements in goose meat that seem to start the whole machine to working with new force and facility.

All France eats goose in midwinter for a week—although they don't know why. Half peasant France eats all winter—and don't know why any more than Paris.

crackling corn pone and hominy. Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama also likes the 'possum, and not so long ago he was the guest at a 'possum dinner given by the Birmingham Press Club.

Robert Love Taylor of Tennessee and famous as Fiddling Bob Taylor, not long before he died, received word that an especially fine 'possum was being sent to him from Waldo's Ridge, in his State, and he planned a 'possum dinner. But he wouldn't have it cooked by a Washington chef. "That would be desecration," he said. "Nobody knows how to cook 'possum but a Tennessee nigger." And he sent to Waldo's Ridge and got a negro to cook the animal in true Tennessee style. The party that sat down to that dinner included Senator Crane of Massachusetts and other Northerners besides men who knew the value of 'possum, such as Senator Bradley and John Sharp Williams, and they said it was the most successful 'possum dinner ever given outside of Waldo's Ridge.

Recently Stewart Bryan, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, disowned the 'possum. This hard blow from a Southern editor came when Mr. Bryan said in an editorial: "President Wilson grows bigger daily. Having had a 'possum wished on him from some lummox in Mississippi who wanted to get rid of the beast, Woodrow did not pretend to eat the 'possum. 'Possums are about as fit to eat as cotton cake."

Offered Eatables to Congregation.

Dean Hole, in his "Memories," tells an amusing story of a church collection on a Sunday when the congregation happened to be unusually large. The rector, seeing that there was only one almsdish, beckoned to a rustic and bade him go through the garden into the rectory dining room and bring a dish from the table. Take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other and then bring it to me," he said.

The rustic came back with the dish as ordered, and presented to the people on either side of the aisle. Then, approaching the rector, he whispered in his ear: "I've done as ye told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side the aisle and up t'other—they'll none of 'em' have any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was still full of biscuits!